

HOUSEHOLD.

The Old Homestead.

Where the old pine stands so tall and straight, Guarding alone its dying mate...

The path is winding that leads you down From the old stage road to that sacred ground...

See Grandma knitting in her old arm chair, Stockings and socks for us children to wear...

Grandpa with pipe is reading the news, While mother is greasing the children's shoes...

"How calm it seems here,"—has it always been so? No; things were quite different a few years ago...

When we fished in the creek at the foot of the hill, Whose waters turned slowly the wheel of the mill...

So I hope you may stand, old pine tree dear, A sentinel yet for many a year.

A Wise Mother.

"Don't tell mother. She'll go off into a fit if you do. There's not the slightest danger, but she frets ever nothing."

The speaker was a boy of about fourteen years of age, and his audience consisted of several companions.

"Frets ever nothing!" she repeated, as she went her way.

There is a wise mother whom we know who is almost continually exercised in her mind on account of her extreme nervousness.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Is any one sick?"

"No," replied the mother, half laughing, half crying; "and I suppose I am very foolish.

"Why don't you compel them to take it down, then?" said the visitor.

"I should like to see myself worrying about a trouble that could be so easily removed. You are surprisingly weak and foolish about those boys of yours."

Her voice was so full of scorn that it aroused the mother's spirit, and taking her visitor to the window, she pointed to a group of boys whom she had just caught sight of.

"Isn't that boy in the brown cap yours?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And who are the other boys?"

"I really don't know; how should I?"

"I do. They are Tom Burgess and Dick Styles, two of the worst lads in the place. It would hurt me," she continued, "to have my boys seen in their company. I prefer to run the risk of their falling from the trapeze; the danger is no greater."

The visitor turned, with a very red face. "You have taught me a lesson," she said.

"Yet, I do not see why, in our endeavor to keep our boys at home, we should allow them to have amusements which are a source of worry to ourselves."

"Very nervous people cannot stand every sort of boyish play," returned the mother with a significant smile.

"And I know that I have their confidence," replied the mother. "They call me a right good fellow, and say that I am as good as a boy any day!

"This simple incident needs no comment. There are surely some mothers who need the useful lesson it teaches."

Tried Recipes.

A Potato Salad.—Cut cold potatoes into small slices. Then make a dressing as follows: Break two eggs in a dish with eight table-spoonfuls of vinegar, one rounding-tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of mustard.

Salmon and Potato Balls.—Add to potato that has been mashed with a little cream, one third of its bulk of canned salmon.

"Folks is always makin' fun of de fellers dat de worl' calls 'beens,'" said Uncle Moses.

"Oh, yes, I know now. Like your biscuits."

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Secret.

When I am sent to bed at night One candle's given me to light My way along the darkened hall,

But I've two candles in my room, Which serve to banish all the gloom. A single one my bureau has,

HOW JUMBLES BECAME BRAVE.

There was once a beautiful fairy named Crystal, who lived in a most magnificent house on the top of a high mountain.

But there was one strange thing about the house of this fairy. It had no doors.

Now, this might be very queer, indeed, for the house of an ordinary mortal, but it made no difference to fairies, of course.

But one day old Lady Crystal called for a cup of tea in a hurry, for old lady fairies are fond of having frequent cups of tea.

A little fairy boy named Jumbles was sent to carry it to her. Now, Jumbles was not so expert at getting about without doors as some of the older fairies.

"You careless, blundering boy!" she cried.

She jumped up and struck her wand three times on the ground.

Little Jumbles stood trembling in front of her chair. His knees knocked together and his hair stood straight.

"Please, your ladyship, I was scared," said little Jumbles.

"Scared, indeed?" returned old Lady Crystal contemptuously.

Then she pulled off little Jumbles's pretty wings and left him looking like any other little boy.

Little Jumbles was not hurt. He jumped up and ran away as fast as he could.

"Where are you going, little Jumbles?" asked the donkey.

"I am going to find a master who will teach me to hand a cup of tea without being scared," replied Jumbles.

"Come with me," said the donkey, "I'll teach you."

So every day Jumbles handed cups of tea to the donkey.

So little Jumbles went to live with the ape. Now, the ape was one of the ugliest animals in the forest.

"Not so fast. My cousin, the ape, can teach you a thing or two!" replied the donkey.

So little Jumbles went to live with the ape. Now, the ape was one of the ugliest animals in the forest.

"You had better try a few weeks with my friend the lion before you consider your education finished," answered the ape.

Little Jumbles was dreadfully scared at first, for the lion was not only frightfully big, but he roared in the wickedest manner.

So for a long time Jumbles found it hard to get over his fear of the lion.

One day when Jumbles sat outside the lion's castle wondering sadly if the day would ever come when he could return to his fairy home, he heard a sweet voice saying:

Fearless and free As a bird I would be! Far away I would fly, would fly, Would fly, would fly.

Over the mountains and over the sea, To the home where my heart is longing to be, "Ah!" said Jumbles to himself, "there is someone as homesick as I am."

He looked up, and at the window over his head he saw the loveliest little maiden he ever beheld.

"What a cruel old monster the lion must be to keep prisoner such a dear little maiden!" thought Jumbles indignantly.

He thought about the pretty prisoner so hard that he forgot his own fear of the lion, and that night, when he handed the lion his cup of tea, he paid no attention to the lion's roars nor the ugly faces he was making.

"It seems to me you are not so afraid of me as you used to be," said the old lion suspiciously.

"Oh, no, master," answered Jumbles; "I am learning to be fearless. That is the way to become a man. Shall I sing you to sleep?"

This was just what Jumbles longed to hear. He took the lion's harp, and standing before him, began to sing the maiden's song.

As he sang he held his head up before the lion, and he knew that he would never be afraid of lions again!

And the lion was sound asleep!

Then Jumbles stood up, and guided by the sound of the song he reached the tower where the maiden dwelt.

"Ah, you have come," she said. "Did you expect me?" asked Jumbles.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "When I heard you singing of home I knew you were coming. You are the fearless one I have been watching for so long!"

"It is because I have learned to be fearless that I came," replied Jumbles. "And now we can both go to fairyland."

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I will go with you. In a far-away country I was a Princess; but in fairyland is better than that!"

"Indeed it is!" exclaimed Jumbles. So the Princess put her hand in his, and as she did so his pretty fairy wings sprouted out again.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Lady Crystal. "You have learned something else, I fancy! So this is what happens when a young man sets out to be fearless!"

And then Jumbles and the Princess and the Lady Crystal all took a cup of tea together. Cups of tea, like everything else, come whenever they are wanted in fairyland.

STORIES OF PERIL.

Incidents of the Great Storm on the English Coast.

A despatch from Milford to the London papers confirms the report of the steamer Kilarney's captain that it was the National line steamship Helvetia which he tried to take in tow ten miles from Milford on Saturday.

The Helvetia's signals of distress were answered eventually by the Government tug Storm Cook, which took her in tow and brought her to Milford Haven. There she now lies at anchor with her 500 steerage passengers aboard.

Chief Officer Swanston, of the steamship Hampshire, which went down off Gunnard Head, told this story of the last part of the vessel's voyage.

"We ran before the gale for thirty hours. Then as we saw the land we gained we lowered two boats and put away from the ship.

The captain's boat was swamped and all hands went under. My boat began filling and we had to jump overboard.

I saw nothing more of the others. I was thrown ashore bruised, half stunned and with three ribs broken. I managed, however, to climb the cliffs and get help.

A crowd gathered at the docks in Liverpool Saturday night to await the steamship Lucia, but she did not arrive until Sunday morning.

The last passenger left her at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Several of them were disabled.

The Lucia was towed into the Mersey, which is full of wreckage. The British steamer Sagamore, which sailed from Boston on November 7th, is in the Mersey. She is badly battered.

Her officers say that many of her cattle died or had to be killed during the storm. The vessel reported to have been wrecked off Sand End, Banffshire, on Friday night, was probably of fifteen, all of whom are supposed to have been lost.

A forty ton crane used in completing the harbor at Tynemouth was blown down Saturday night and the harbor works were damaged to the extent of £10,000.

A body was cast up on the beach at Margate today. It was identified as being that of the captain of the brigantine Economy. The British ship Gardale, that some time ago arrived at Hull from Tacoma, is probably lost. She was being taken to the Tyne in tow when off Flamborough head, on the North sea, the tow lines parted and the Gardale went adrift.

A heavy snow fall is reported in some parts of the country. A train left Saffron Walden, in Essex, at 8 o'clock in the morning for Haverhill. It got stuck in the snow at Bartlow, and finding it impossible to proceed returned to Saffron Walden.

The snow lies in drifts twelve feet deep on the railroads. The 4.45 train from London for Cambridge was stopped in yesterday morning near Royston.

One hundred men worked all day in digging out the train. Snow ploughs had gone on in advance of the train and they were in bedded in the drifts.

Towards night the track was sufficiently clear for the train to proceed. All went well until Harston was reached where the train stuck again.

The passengers then abandoned it. Mrs. Eyre, a local carrier, of Smalley, was found dead in the snow yesterday on the road to Derby, to which place she had started to walk Saturday.

Mr. Scantley—"Your sex are natural born scandal-mongers. I often wonder how you manage to get hold of all the latest scandals of the day."

"Do you know," said Cholly Atkins, "I think these jokes about fellows having the ticket but no orchestra are vewy wude and impowah." "So do I," said Billy Watkins; "think of the way they harrow up us fellows who haven't even any tickets."

Host—"I hate to send you out in such a blustering night as this, old fellow. Good-night!" "It is raining pretty hard. I say, couldn't you loan me your umbrella?" "Host—"Certainly; and—er—I guess I'll walk home with you myself. I really need the exercise."

FISH STORIES OF THE FRASER.

Told by Douglas Sloden in an English Paper.

We are now right in the Siwash country. Siwash is the name you apply to the male Coast-Indians; a woman is a Klutchee.

All down the valley of the great river—the lordly Fraser—one sees at short intervals the pathetic little graveyards, with crosses and flags and fluttering rags, and evidences of your being among fish-loving people.

The salmon is to the Indian of British Columbia what the maize was to the Six Nations, and the sloe to the Aztec.

In the summer he eats it fresh, in the winter he eats it the reverse of fresh. Salmon on the march up the Fraser are a sight never to be forgotten.

Far above North Bend, not very much below Lytton, we first saw them—the rather inferior variety known as Sock-Eyes. Five different families of salmon migrate up the Fraser every year. The column was

and, as far as one could judge, about 10 feet wide and several feet deep. They had been so buffeted in their long journey from the sea that the column looked blood-red, for the Fraser is a masterful river, running like a millrace, and in its narrow gorges, where there are immense bodies of water to be carried off through gates of rock, often from 50 feet to 100 feet deep.

Even steamers can make no headway above Yale, and the poor salmon have to creep up the sides out of the current, and are often half an hour in doubling the angle of a jutting headland.

The Indians take advantage of this, and build stages rickety enough to give a white man the vertigo, against the face of the rocks at these points, where they stand with a pole-net made like a huge lacrosse bat, and, as the unfortunate salmon is struggling round the corner.

They can often get them much more easily, because the salmon in their anxiety to lay their eggs, press up every little creek in search of a resting place.

In the main stream they are driven ruthlessly on by the vast army of their fellows behind till they reach the Shuswap Lakes, just as the Irish were crowded out of Europe into Ireland by the Teutons and Scandinavians and others of the Indo-Germanic family, who were in such a hurry to get away from the roof of the world (if the Pamirs were really the cradle of civilization).

When the Indian has caught his salmon he splits them up and hangs them in the sun to dry on a frame, which looks as if it was the skeleton of a barn. Higher up, near Shuswap, he is apt to use the gables of his hut; or the Siwash have such degraded-looking noses that the smell does not signify. The closeness with which salmon pack themselves is marvellous; they might have studied the arrangement of a sardine tin. I have seen hundreds of them in a pool that would not hold a billiard table; people have swept them out with branches before now in such pools and the smaller creeks. These salmon average 8lb. or 9lb. apiece. It is very pretty to see them

CROSSING AN EDDY. They do not seem to feed when once they are fairly in fresh water; they have never been known to take a bait in the river.

It is always said that a certain noble lord signed away the whole of Washington state to the Americans because the salmon would not rise in the Columbia.

It will give an idea how thick the salmon were when I mention that you could get plenty of excitement by standing on the edge of the river and grabbing at the fish as they went by with your hands—yet did not catch any, but you could catch a lot.

Down below North Bend the Fraser, though it still runs between lofty mountains forested to their summits with pine, winds and twists about like an eel through sand banks and shingles beds, whose monotony is varied with the Chinamen sluicing the gold washed down from the Pacific coast believe to line the mountains of British Columbia, as well as California. How much the Chinaman gets out of this business no white man ever could ascertain; the white man only gets starved.

COLD WEATHER RULES. By Observing Them You May Be Saved a Sick Spell This Winter.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases. After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

The secret of interesting conversation is the same as that of literature—having something in the mind—and something to say. Yet how few people have minds furnished with anything but commonplaces, or at least how few can produce acceptable fragments from a store of knowledge.